

TO JULIET

WITH THE LETTERS OF ABOELARD & HELOISE.

No more my JULIET! may that frown
Chace each soft dimple from thy cheek,
Bid thy relenting heart disown
Whate'er that cruel look would speak!

And, though for me, thy marble breast
Nor Pity feels - nor Passion knows;
Though all in vain; my Muse hath drest
In simplest garb a Lover's woes:

Yet deign this Tale thou loveliest Maid!
To view, and to its sad distress,
Be Pity's genuine tribute paid,
And may thy tear its Sorrows bless!

The sport of Fortune's fickle gale,
What varied Ills their Passion wait!
Repos'd in Life's sequestered vale,
By Love how blest - how curst by Fate!

While o'er these woes we fondly bend,
Nor sigh repress - nor check the tear;
These soon their honied Flow shall lend;
And other's Sorrows shall endear.

Ah soon that feigned frown dismiss -
For so thy softened Heart may prove,
That Sympathy alone is Bliss,
That, all our Happiness is LOVE.!

